

THE INTERNATIONAL FAMOUS

# FESTIVAL OF EROTICA

TWICE NIGHTLY

Mon to Sat

8pm & 10pm

Reservations

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THE WORLD'S CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

# RAYMOND REVUEBAR

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EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT  
2 SHOWS  
NIGHTLY  
8 & 10  
FREE ENGLAND

RAYMOND  
REVUEBAR  
**33<sup>rd</sup>**  
anniversary



attendance at her national smooch-  
sweeping and seminar first show, you  
have often to the where she and  
order a few to American  
chickies. While the waitress tells  
to return after her break, your  
response is natural: only to find  
she's being used for finger  
practice by three obviously  
overweight sports players. Be you?

- a) Tear their limbs off?
- b) Caustically explain that they are  
unfairly exploiting the  
physical disadvantages of  
the female. Then tear their  
limbs off?
- c) Offer to make up a  
fourth one?
- d) Hackson you can hang on a  
couple more hours?
- e) Ask them to get you a  
double?

- 7. Do you choose your  
clothes by:
- a) impress on people your



unmashed individual  
personality?

- a) Impress on people the size of  
your breasts?
- b) Match what you're likely to  
spill down them at  
breakfast?
- c) Make your posterior appear  
as juicy as possible?
- d) Look like Clint Eastwood?

- 8. It's 11.30, Monday morning,  
and you're called to the boss's  
office. Finding a note scrawled  
because you're at home to end of  
the film, you turn to  
screenwriter. The one of the  
screenwriter with a case of palsy  
to light the cigar, the boss  
informs you that the good news  
is, you're being offered  
promotion; the bad news is that it  
will mean moving to a bachelor  
pad in Los Angeles and living  
apart from your wife for at least  
six months of the year. The pros:
- a) Assume him you were  
thinking of getting a  
divorce, anyway?
- b) Tell him your limited  
responsibilities must come  
first?



## BIG-CHESTED AMERICAN STRIPPERS ★ WITH ★ WEIRD NAMES PART 7



## CHESTY BAZOOMAS

In the States they are so crazy about big tits they  
actually invent large chested strippers with funny  
names. What's yours something of a problem. The  
word was Mega Mamas (94 92 34) so the item  
Aha! But what do you put her to? It's a disaster at  
dining a married couple—perhaps being too much  
with big tits can I get it up, and so on. So now they  
ditch the tits, make her male and make her be  
harsh with monkey muscles—so far it's a promise  
and hope (muscle cartoon). So the last is the  
dreadful word and in the meantime we get our  
breast massage. Doesn't work but there's a lot of  
fun in failure.



Hi-di-hi! Ho-di-ho!  
Good morning  
campers! And how  
are we this  
morning? We hope  
you are H A N D Y  
— ready for the  
Flying Bonk  
Competition which  
will be arriving in  
your breakfast any  
time now! Fiction  
by Howard Lake

To say that Mr. O'Sullivan had a face like a dog's (and would be cruel to dogs). This guy was King Ugly and let's just leave it at that. He was, however, a man of some importance to my life at that point, in that he was scrutinizing my job application form for the post of entertainer at O'Sullivan's Holiday Heaven, a job that I needed somewhat urgently on account of a rather bad day of about the month before, which had done in my finances what the Luftwaffe did to Coventry Cathedral.

"Is this true, Mr. Bennett?" he asked, a voice like a patch of wet lappets hiding the quaver. "Did you really work on Heaven at the RSC?"

I told him yes, naturally.

What I didn't tell him was that I was the fella who sold craps in the foyer. If the truth were told, I hadn't had an acting job in 18 months. In fact, my acting CV was so limited that Squig was beginning to question whether it was worth me wasting my membership. So Mr. O'Sullivan had my career in his hands.

He looked up, his frown.

"OK," he said, "you're hired."

O'Sullivan's Holiday Heaven was a collection of shacks and real brick buildings situated on a patch of unwanted scrubland on the most desolate part of the East Coast. From a distance it looked like a refugee camp, but close up it didn't look much better.

As I've said, my job was that of entertainer, which basically meant that I was contracted for three months to keep up the silly and high spirits for the craves of holidaymakers visiting Holiday Heaven in search of that perfect summer break. This meant anything from dressing up as Henry the Hippo for kids' pool sessions, to plastering into a monkey suit and telly news start in order to perform as the "Toon Jones of Skagway" in the nighty cabaret.

But the job did have its compensations and those

# Bonk me to the moon





continued from page 54

leisure for a quick smoke. The comrade was observed in 1 lit a lap and leaved hastily against the wall. My mind was in turmoil, so much that I never leaved that approach until...

"You're looking sorry for yourself! Something wrong?"

I looked up and saw Brenda standing in front of me, a smile spread across her face. Close up, she seemed even prettier, that body shimmering in the tight blue uniform. I blinked and said, "Assurance?"

"What's up with you?" Brenda's voice was a pure Home Counties cello. "You look as miserable as Woody Allen with a sex demand."

"I've been fired," I told her. "That's my last night."

Brenda raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Because of the other night?"

"Yeah, the boss doesn't like a bundle on being woken." She smiled. "What a bummer — [she made the weak, that did]."

Now that was encouraging. "It did?" I asked.

Brenda nodded. "Been a while since I have like that," she said. "Discouraging [I decided to go further. We said to praise our persons. I said, 'carefully'."

Brenda gazed into my face, moistened her lips with her tongue. "I bet you do," she said.

All the while, I'd been making closer to me and that body was almost up against me. The proximity was beginning to have a predictable effect upon my anatomy. A sudden thought crossed my mind.

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

Brenda giggled. "Quentin? He's longed!" "He's back at the drier with some little business called Jans."

"Who's Jans?" I asked, my mouth dry.

Brenda shrugged. "Oh, just some tart he picked up." "Can I see him?"

She shook her head. "Why should I? After all, he doesn't mind me doing that."

Her hand snaked out and grasped me by the cockpock. My chain mail rattled, my sword whizzed in its scabbard by the different taste then Sean with a bottle of Jose Cuervo.

"Jesus!" I whispered. "Does this mean..."

Brenda leaned forward and pressed her stiletto toe into my chest. "Damn right, it does!" she breathed. "Ever since I saw you doing a thing I've been as horny as hell."

Her hand was delving swiftly into my villa-warmer. Cool fingers drifted up and down the length of my right ribs.

I thought fast. "We can't do it here," I hissed. "Let's find somewhere more private." I saw the door that led through to backstage. "Is there?" I whispered. "There's no one around."

We hastened into the dark-lit backstage. The strains of the Selwynite Serenades drifted through the curtains as I swept Brenda into my arms and sought out her tongue with mine. We kissed long, deep, passionately, hands toying all over her, her fingers fidgeting up and down the ridges of my thighs, clatching my balls tightly, my hands straying up the front of her nurse's outfit, popping her bottom and slapping smacks to feel the warmth of her bulging breasts. I quickly tugged open the rest of the suit, so that I had that hot beautiful body in my hands. For Brenda's part, she was fairly unhooking my cockpock and disarranging it from my happily-erectile dong. Gulls a look, but she managed it and then she laid my disk of her finger, gliding her fingers along the length of it.

Ripping apart my tabard, Brenda pushed a succession of succulent kisses upon my chest, wetting her lips with my licker until I felt I had the beautiful warm velvet suction of her lips and tongue as she closed her mouth around the tip of the stretched-to-bursting cock. She drew it hungrily deeper and deeper between her lips, rubbing it with her teeth until I could feel it no longer and pulled her to her feet.

"Now," I whispered urgently over the strains of Selwynite in *The Right*. "I can't wait any longer." "No further!" Brenda hissed back. "Oh ready!" We shuffled around one another like the bottom-placed couple in a bathroom dancing contest, Brenda groping my boner in her fingers and guiding it between her thighs. The tip of my disk touched the soft, yielding smoothness of her slippery lip and she rubbed it along the wet furrow, teasing her clit with the purple bulb, driving me wild with frustration, so much that I grabbed her bum in my hands, hoisted her off the floor and, with a single thrust, drove my dong between her lips and slid the length inside that beautiful box.

Brenda gasped and wrapped her arms around my shoulders, her thighs around my back, holding on for dear life as I moved against her in a subtle smooth rhythm, all the better enhanced by the pulsating rhythms of *Tapestry* pounded out by the Selwynite Serenades from the other side of the curtain.

**She drew it hungrily deeper and deeper between her lips, nipping me with her teeth until it could bear it no longer...**

"Oh, Christ!" Brenda moaned, her head thrashing from side to side, her lips bouncing and clucking in response to each successive thrust of my boner. "This is far—faster!"

She was right, I could already feel the heat building up in the table and moaned faster, urging Brenda towards a climax before I lost her to it. By now, the tip of my penis both wetting and our gases and grunts of passion were increasing in volume, so I was relieved that Sean and the boys were looking up a storm on the other side of the curtain.

"I don't...think...I can hold on much..." Brenda cried, gripping the lighter than ever as I clutched her onto for dear life. My bum moving faster than a triple hammer as my dong flew even faster in and out of her dripping stretch.

"Faster...can...!" I growled back.

"There...don't...hold back!" moaned Brenda. "Because I'm not!"

Jesus! Then the world turned clay go as our simultaneous climax exploded there, backstage. Brenda losing all control, her body falling back so hard that I lost my grip and she fell from my front and something unfortunate occurred.

You see, in our hastily passion, I'd omitted to check on which direction we were facing and, as luck would have it, we were facing stagehands, so that, as Brenda fell backwards, she made full use of my grip, so I fell forwards, so, so we both crashed through the curtain that divided the backstage.

from the stage proper

The pulsating rhythms of *Tapestry* were somewhat undiminished by the fact that, without warning, Brenda (half naked), suddenly tumbled through the curtain, slowly followed by myself, taking out half the drunk in the process. Brenda was shrieking in ecstasy as she tumbled across the stage, her lips writhing and clucking feverily into Sean the fish who dropped his beer in consternation and fell head first into Larry the guitarist, sending him face-first into a table full of setted clergy from *Corvus*.

If Brenda's entrance was spectacular, then mine was an epic. Through the draped I fell, naked from the waist down, my hand on leading the way, my cum jelling hopefully from the tip, giving Doug the drummer an unpleasant cleaning job and cushioning the stage as I fell. Hopefully stop Brenda's writhing body, set in a tangle of limbs and chaos mad.

But you should have heard the applause. The *Corvus* crew went wild, people cheering, stamping their feet in appreciation, the mixed clergy from *Clavis* going crazy, spectal bowlers in this unexpected diversion. Once more, chaos reigned and, once more, my dick was the cause of it all.

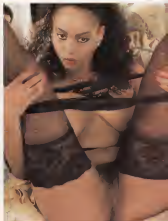
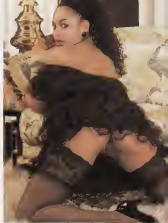
I lay there amid the pandemonium, stunned, breathing hard, bewildered. As I scanned my eyes, I saw Sean sitting down at me, the boys at hand a bottle of *Tapestry* hidden in his pants.

"Well," he said. "That's entertainment?"

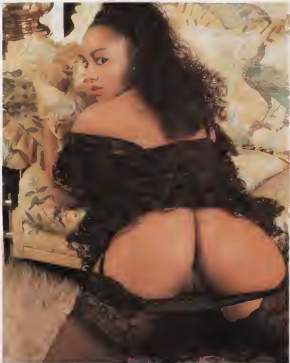


# CHARMAINE









**T**he mission of the man Milne is to boldly go around the globe, finding the most exquisite girls in the world and bring them home with him. To seek a three month holiday through the desolate forests of New Guinea to find Charmaine. And at the end she found him. In a path (38-39) which the heroes were afterwards to claim Milne had discovered single handed although he could remember nothing of it. (A fact

which the man Milne, being of the Glasgow persuasion, found strangely unimpressive). Following for the usual photographic ready girl, Charmaine dragged him home, he retired her potential, got his camera out and shot the two there and then before going out for a drink and discovering another girl. This time the man Charmaine left him amongst the rubble. In fact he probably got his wife to shut her up in a sophisticated landlady as usual. *—*





# M Y C O N F E S S I O N



# M Y C O N F E S S I O N

*We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies, although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. 'My Confession' is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real....*

Living as I do in a remote town, there's always plenty of potential custom employment to be had. "That year, I found myself working in my Uncle Doug's arcade."

The money was good. The work was simple: just sitting in the change booth and looking away — and yes we really varied if I was any good at what I did as long as the lines of customers didn't dwindle — and they didn't! Not when I'd be clad in my tightest, most revealing leotard.

The job also had six perks — and they'd be in the shape of the occasional gentlemanly, who would appear on the barista, all innocent and well-mannered.

One day, I looked up and as in the queue waiting guy playing a pinball machine over at the other side of the arcade. He was very tall, had long, wavy-haired hair and was wearing a rugged

pair of cut-off denim. I guess it was just a few nights.

I wandered out of the booth (perhaps Doug's wife, Angie, is never far) and stood only in my stringy bikini top and ultra-tight shorts, and stood in on my short-of-breath. "Oh," I said brightly. "The boss is. We're you?"

"Bossy." His voice was really loud back. "Oh Don, for short."

I moved closer. "You want to play with me, Don?" I asked, getting a tentative lift into my voice. His eyes widened. "The pinball?" I corrected him — though, of course, that was a blatant lie, but his response told me he was definitely interested.

Don nodded. "Oh, yeah, sure, the pinball?"

"You'll have to teach me what you want," I said. "I'm just a little... a manager of this."

Don stood right behind me, his large hands guiding my fingers on to the buttons. As the ball pinged around the table, I made a big show of being flustered by my beginner's luck, but in reality I was making every effort to keep Don as close to me as possible, rubbing out my problem as that my outfit seemed even pressed into his outfit. I was so turned on by the hint of macho that my breathing was becoming erratic and, ever enough, when I accidentally brushed a hand against the stretch of my shorts, I could feel a small patch of dampness. However, I tried to maintain some composure by asking Don lots of questions. It turned out that he was from Manchester, having come down to London for a few days' break. He'd just finished with a job — in other words, he was available.

After work finished on the pinball, Don and I went back to my place for a drink. As soon as we got in the door, I wrapped my arms around his broad shoulders, pulled him to me and pressed my lips upon his. He closed his eyes, then broke apart.

Don looked at me long and hard. "I know you had this planned from the moment you saw me," he said, "but... (Don your looked off in a way that alarmed me)... there's something you should know about me."

All kinds of thoughts rushed through my head. What could he mean? "I started out the first thing that came into my head. You can't get it, right?"

"He shook his head for yourself." He said his hands riding down to his fly and withdrawing his



shorts. Not thinking I placed my hands on the waistband of his jeans and tugged them down. It was then that I saw his problem — all 16, 17 inches of it. I'd never seen anything that big!

"It's incredible," I gasped.

"Same girls find it a lot of a handful," said Dan.

I looked into his eyes. "I'm different," I told him, dropping to my knees.

As I parted my lips around that huge fat-like beast, I felt the familiar tingling sensation that I always get in my pussy when I go down on a guy, only that time it was stronger by far. I flicked my tongue all around that floppy bulb and dripped it over the crown, before running it along the length of his stiff shaft. Dan moaned with pleasure as I allowed the tip to slip into my mouth, reviving the first sensation with which he told me he was as warm and as wet as you could get, then I started to suck him in earnest, looking my best both and forth over his rigid flesh.

"Any more now," I thought, "he's going to cum."

But, he didn't. Just in time, Dan pulled his cock from my mouth. "Let's not waste it," he murmured, and took me into his arms, gently carrying me over to the bed. I lay there, still, as he stared me down when removed of my clothing. "You've got a beautiful body, Anne," he murmured, taking me by the shoulders. "I know what I want to do for you."

The next I know, he'd parted my thighs and thrust his big dick in between my legs. I could feel the probing tongue delving between my pussy lips with an expertise that only came with experience. My old childhood and some not so recent mouth, and anal, traces of pleasure shot through me as he stretched it, it repeatedly with his well-toured tongue. I could feel my thighs tensing as my orgasm approached and Dan's ministrations became more expert. Then, sure enough, moments later I was shaking in delight, my legs clamped tight around his head as my climax swept through me.

After I recovered from my first cum, I knew what I wanted. Dan was looking over me, his huge cock in his fingers.

"You want it?" he asked.

I nodded, grabbing hold of his tight testicles and pulling him down. There was a split second when I stared as I felt that hot ridge my lips, but then I relaxed, looked into his face and returned the feeling as he slid smoothly into me. That muscle-cock filling my pussy with delicious, warm feelings. Dan began to move slowly, probably afraid to hurt me, but I was



pulling up my pussy whomever.

"Don't hold back!" I heard, "Just fuck me, fuck me with that big cock."

Dan wasn't slow on the uptake and he reacted up right away, thrusting that massive shape-shifter into my dripping pussy so hard I was almost stuck up the bed. I held on to

him for dear life, feeling only that gigantic dark flapping in and out of my velvet mouth. It was like being fucked for the very first time all over again.

I located my legs up around his neck, offering him deep penetration, and — wait! — did he do that, too, his big big meaty, lapping self-dog and doger

inside me until I began to think that I could take no more and started to moan and cry out as the sensations of swelling began to overwhelm me.

I was pretty as his hands and Dan could do what he liked with me as long as he didn't let that beautiful dark out of my mouth for an instant. So I didn't mind





when he rolled me on to my front and started to give it to me deep and fast. In fact, that was all I needed to see me off again, and this time it was a real earthshaking climax that hit me and I was crying my heart out for a full five minutes.

oblivious of everything except the glorious feelings inside me as Dan held me to Paradise, not just one orgasm, but many more, so many that my orgasmic cries became like silent screams, making it into one huge climax that seemed to go on for ever. Every

time it seemed that the delicious pleasure must be at an end, yet another shudder thrilled through me. I never knew that at one point I must have blinked out through sheer ecstasy. When I came back to my senses, Dan was still inside me, still so hard and so big to ever. He was amazing.

"For God's sake, baby!" I almost screamed. "Don't you ever stop!"

"Whenever you want it," he looked back, through clenched teeth.

"Now!" I yelled. "Do it now!"

He responded, withdrawing his dagger and from my stomach and pulling on it hard until his penis pulled from the tip to rich creamy mass that splattered over my bottom and all over my back like hot, sticky rain. I shuddered with delight to feel it sliding down my chest to hot and delicious.

That was it, a final intense spasm of delight ran through my entire nervous system, before I slumped down on the bedsheet in a state of perfect, absolute bliss.

Dan had to return to Manchester that weekend, unfortunately, but we exchanged so plenty of beautiful looking in the few days before his departure; and, what's more, whenever he needs a break from my life, he always comes back here... and I'm always ready and waiting.

From now on, I keep my vibrator well covered up when I'm working in the office, but if the men are bad I still possess, it's that I just can't keep my eyes off that damn pinkie medical toy!



M Y C O N F E S S I O N





# BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' columns, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

## Heather's Wife

Sir Heather and I have been married for some 10 years and as well what you'd call an average life. We don't go out much, but from time to time enjoy the odd party, etc.

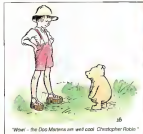
A couple of weeks ago a girl who works with Heather's was invited and going to be in Australia, so a semi-off party was set up in their local sports club. Heather has a good figure (38-25-35) and with some encouragement from me has always desired to make the most of what she has got, and on the occasion that went out the day before to buy a new outfit. She came home

and we spent some time talking and talking down. He either was sitting opposite me at a table in the apt in her short, tight dress when she moved. Every time that happened she moved her skirt to cover up her legs, but the skirt kept opening up and after a while she just left it as it was. Learning my lesson I sat the pants. I sat at back to find a friend of ours, John, sitting opposite Heather and looking up her skirt, so I looked them John of course was making the most of what was to be seen and Heather didn't seem to mind. By now her skirt was open all the way down to her



MY COMPRESSION

21



"Wear" - the Dos Equis are well cool. Christopher Robin."



10-2-87

22

with a green black top and skirt looking at it was either disappointed or first, then surprised that the skirt was of a very unusual style and open from here to waist. Standing upright it looked like a normal skirt, but when you sat down the skirt seemed to fall open, showing a lot of leg. Heather had also bought some new black sexy underwear. She had a half-top, low neck, dark, with silver bra straps, black stockings and suspenders and a tiny pair of black panties. Getting dressed the night for the party, she looked fantastic. Of course, you couldn't see what was underneath it but just knowing what was inside me had

begins and was giving me a hard-on.

I had always felt a secret wish to see Heather being fucked by another man and this night my wish might just come true. I hoped Heather spit some of her drink on her skirt and John helped her mop it up with a towel. In the process of mopping up Heather spread her legs wide and John caught a glimpse of her see-through panties and his head nearly popped out of his head - as a old joke. I think by now we're all so ready as hell.

Heather and I were about to leave the party and John offered us a lift home. He

came around and being the name of the magazine falls through. I mean, when it's done in America-based, packaged Arthur Street. Of course, it wouldn't miss an episode inside Beyond Tiers. After you, a hard of sleeping men could manage through the place without anyone noticing their days - since we got the computers to replace in the bedroom trying to find four million on Crystal Street.

I must be simply wonderful again. I mean, have you ever been caught with your hands down? Like the man before who was having the second episode of a blow job from the bottom. What? (38-25-35) is the study when his wife walked in. In the old days it would have been a disaster at home, nothing even the street with all your possessions in a plastic bag and



continued on page 13



Summers

# THE · DONE · THING PAGAN FESTIBALLS

Unbridled sexual lust, weird perversions and primitive rites stalk the church hills and barochanal But that's depraved Dorset for you

Elizabetta demands that any gentleman, when faced with the prospect of opening the village fête, should be blessed with bublet of the ladies and take to an isolation ward for the duration.

These things are pagan festivals to the god Prius and I to goddess Corn, and any decent English gentleman should show a guinea over I told. True, it's all blessed by the church, which is adept at chaining pagan rites to its pay spread-sheets, but where will do anything to save their spirits. Deceitful people should have none of it.

Goodies they're damn dangerous. Opening the Mike reviews judges the Somers Valley Cornet Club. And it there is one thing as sure as death and taxes, it is that the mothers of the above-mentioned ladies will try and bettle the suspect bollocks with a pitchfork as he presents the prize.

Two got fulsome pagans, damn you. I told the Rev. Sally Potts, the new Rector of Unstetter Pevsle. "Get a clipboard to do it."

**PAGAN PAGES** And damn me, the silly little didd. Perhaps I was my fault. The man is rare to the village and so on. Perhaps I should have specified a blind celebrity, or some robust and randy old Duke - Dorsetshire for instance. But anyone with the brains of a fish should have seen the danger of inviting a sensitive American editor to the pagan (bushidô) river that is the Unstetter Pevsle Summer Pevsle and Beaches!

I despise it so much, that any last Pevsle release idea of sexual excesses is something civilized like being whipped by two leather-jacketed (bushido) boys, didn't miss the true horror of heterosexuality run wild. It's always the reason, he whined (convinced) American special female film star and current TV starlet Sarah Doughnut. Sort of Jane Fonda without the tits.

And she accused! Not surprising, if you know that her grandpa was once born in the village. She is about 16 years (over two million pounds) to the parish council to

watch the church. Pevs House and Grebbelands and support from its popularity. Something which, as I say for most of it now, would be a better off to the tune of 100,000. And he asked her to the M&M's to do it.

**WOMAN:** Good, she was a well set up young lady - wonderful quarters, lovely food, and a jumper is bump. I didn't see until later, when she was distraught and close to mental collapse, but she looked four million dollars!

I had not (of course), so the opening ceremony (but Sally of John who was there in his official capacity of Christ Comfortable and Pevsle Tom, distributed home. She climbed up on to the platform at a late start point that showed she was female. I didn't stop she was a female. Old Tom Bottom, publican and show chairman, introduced her through the PA system and then to wild cheering, passed her what she thought was the microphone but was actually Tom's cock.

Stopped. I into her hand, in the spirit of the Unstetter Pevsle. She gave him a look and she didn't notice. Put it to her lips - which was possible as Tom has the longest cock in Dorset - and mumbled into it for a fifteen minutes. Didn't catch on until the damn thing went off in her face.

Then she screamed. And, as she hadn't declared the pig is pig open - and the fucking corn! start with the highest point, says the magic word - the show committee came up to the Pevsle, dragged the out of Sally Ransacker, our obliging new housemaid and drove her down to open the (bushido) at your point.

**WOMAN:** I did so with some ceremony, and solemnly the laughter, excitement and loud laughing sounds of the radio were heard to echo around the ancient hills which have been yammering over this sort of thing for centuries.

And I had a gasp. My Doughnut on my hands. Luckily she thought it was all an hallucination and confessed that she had been in analysis for sexual problems. I took the hint and tried to keep her thinking she was barely to see 15 men cooks at a church. But an early bite as I was ducking and diving at the time, trying to look out the wedding night of the flying Puck stall which was doing a roaring trade behind me.

Don't know what they see in it, but it's always done. The chicken ball on which the show is held is four feet lower than the (giving) and there's a well to hold the banking up. On this day the young women of the parish at their naked behinds over the wet, summer open to the show field, and the beds take turns to jump, trying to show their flying hand one up the village police. Five jumps for the three inspectors with a cordon. And a

your old Dorset album following after you and eating holes in your mind.

But now, New Pevsle: "Woooo! Why shouldn't I feed my cat? What else is an order to?" Next thing, she's shilling you in the veterinary hospital wearing 10 layers of protective clothing. (And, really, a girl dressed in protective leathers on some silly cat's is no position to argue.)

Magpie's having read one disease isn't so bad. Best of all, when accused of being apparently innocent but about a dozen times subject of intense public concern and intensive media focus, you can say: "Well, I'm a little perturbed. Anyway, what's your best? Come on, check it, keep cheap, or I'll take you a calling in the fattest Woooo! (The Synthesizer).



Thorne



# MEN ONLY



PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 4 JULY 95

**SPECIAL HEAVING  
STEAMING  
CRAMMED WITH  
GORGEOUS  
POUTING BRITISH  
EUROLOVELIES  
ISSUE**

**BONK ME  
TO THE  
MOON!**



# emmie

PERFORMING ARTISTS: TONY BLANCHARD







**“M**om,” shrugs Franke. “Shouldn’t be too perfect.” A good start, that. In fact, my women looking for a good chat-up routine, couldn’t start better. “When was one of those perfectly correct, shamefully fit, braided he-men and I don’t even think of getting his denture off – my first thought is to start looking him a Fair Isle pulley. I like my men broad-brimmed, disheveled and crumpled.” The trouble is that Franke professes to crumple her men herself, by hand. She’s a ship off the old Cork – an Irish goddess of crazy drams in her and violent temper. “Oh yes, I can throw a tantrum,” says Franke, “I can throw one further than any woman living (35-22-36).”<sup>(1)</sup>







breakdown. Just what I was always looking for. Well, to withstand even a direct jet of fresh or salt water? It stays here. They even sent a picture to prove it. According to reviews, their new series of waterproof radio speakers are perfect for my cockpit. Personally, I'd rather have my cockpit to myself, but thank you for your concern. Please, my cockpit's not particularly wet as it goes, not even in this hot summer weather.

*Take The Car To Save Time And Money...* Outside newspaper department. According to the AA, you can take your car and two kids to Milan on the Maford for less money than driving. With great foresight, they claim that report from the streets at a long road journey, driving from one end of France to the other takes the expense of petrol, tollways to be, overnight stops and meals on route. Well, I wonder. It seems the AA have taken up with P&O Ferries, the people who brought you... no, I better not... and SAS, the French railways, to offer an all-inclusive fare to hot-off places like Milan. How does C&D for the train fare grab you? Like a lead at the tip, I expect. Maybe I'd stick to Conway Island again. This year.

*Swimming at the 10 per cent* *Provisional de Adventure* Oh, he's come on, what? It shows me a man who wouldn't like an extra 10 per cent and I'll show you a lot! Anyway, I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that the new 'Extra 10 per cent' packs are easy to handle, with an interesting aspect. They're also as 'wet-proof' as you, I need my cane.

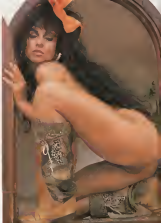
*And lastly, about Power, More Practical, More Fun* This is Toyota's description of the new MR2, that's where little sports car. I've read all 12 pages of exciting copy on this wonderful little car, and take it from Toyota, this is the best car in the whole universe. The fact that it looks like it was designed by a committee of designers from 'Judge Dredd' comic, seems to have escaped their attention. Oh, well - hang your Fire Fox for this year's Motor Show./

Mortimer Magazine

# Gaynor

photography by Mark Goodwin







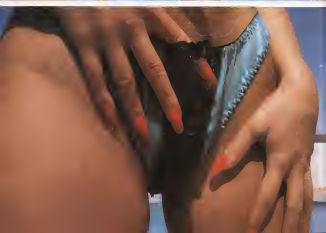




# GOTCHA!

She was afraid to go into the water, but her panties still got wet!







Research conducted on behalf of the National Association of Retail Advertisers and Fashions suggests that there is absolutely no need to get wetter into a swimming pool. Apparently 96 per cent of women layer seductively get wet. They use the pool as a excuse to strip off down to their next-to-noughts and pose around driving off the guys wild. Furthermore, 73 per cent of men never get into the water for fear of missing an elegantly arched pussy so the girls switch themselves around the towels, tell put off over the towels and occasionally drop their towels while changing from one revealing pair of panties to another. As a direct result of this, manufacturers will be producing new plastic water. Needs no heating or heating and is reusable enough to catch the odd -wasty drink who is foolish enough to dive in. My, I guess is ordering 10 billion gallons of the stuff. Not for as though - there is no pool like an old pool. Um





IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

NOV 1987

£2.75

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

# MEN'S WORLD

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY WILSON

**DINKY  
RINKY  
PINKY  
PASSION:  
PARTY  
TIME!**

**HEATHER  
HELPS OUT!  
PRACTICAL  
PASSION  
WITH OUR  
PROBLEM  
PRINCESS!**

**FUNKY  
CLOBBER:  
BOXING CLEVER**

**WIN £10,000  
AMATEUR EROTIC  
NUDE PHOTO  
CONTEST!  
THIS MONTH'S  
WINNER:  
MITA WITH  
THE  
SPANISH  
THIGHS**

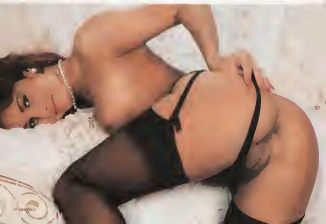
IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW





# MEGAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON



**M**

oncopole  
rescuer began  
started up the stairs of  
Regiment Tipton  
(photographer James had  
preferred to get stuck in  
the lift with those naked  
girls for the fourth time  
that week) with a pistol  
for Sky TV. She never  
should have got in, but  
she did, and found herself  
in the middle of a highly-  
choreographed wedding scene  
(as we call them here). She  
waited for some hours.

Then "I could do better  
than this," she said. It  
brought quite a laugh, as  
at her crash but not  
because we all assumed  
she was a guy. Most of  
day I know, she was a  
girl, those models would  
never have let her stand  
there groping (I like look  
off her feet, And her  
breasts. And soon of  
course as where the  
other girls left off. And  
was turned out again  
afterwards, as we now  
have a key to the Sky TV  
completely isolated. Co-  
hospitalization cabinet  
as we say here. It's

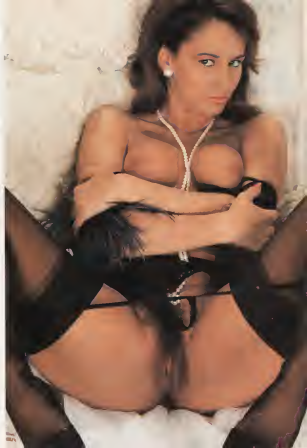














**MEN ONLY**



# NEXT MONTH IN MEN ONLY

## FEEL THE HEAT!



GET THE SUMMER HOTS IN OUR GLORIOUS GREENHOUSE EFFECT, HEALTHY BRONZED, FRECKLE-NOSED, BOUNCY NOODLES IN STICKY COTTON, HIPPLE-SHOWING, MINI-SMIRKED, BUTTCH-WRIGGLING, WHICKER-FLASHING, THIGH-HIGH, LAUGHING, SLAPPING, GROOMING, LONG-GRASS-FLATTENING, ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER SUPERHEATED HIGH SUMMER ISSUE OF MEN ONLY, VOL. 55 NO. 8, ON SALE AUGUST 23rd - COME ON IN, IT'S REALLY . . .

# sticky!

# BLAH!

continued from page 34

I giggled my tits around his chest. He couldn't handle much of this and soon shot his load.

While I had been working on him, his tongue found its way round to my nipples and up my cunt. I knew I had to feel him up the soon and was more than ready for a good hard fucking. Feeling his it was his gift today. I adopted his favourite position. Kneeling on the bed, I bent forward and in a leering fashion I asked my penis owner to put my big butt into his mouth for him. I then rested on my hands waiting for him. His tongue slipped my tits and I felt his hardness against my cheeks. We rocked back and forward in a steady fashion on the bed

might call an easy lay), I am excited to start a sexual ambition - especially as it concerns to the reality of their performance. I like men. I don't make me despise them. I make me laugh.

Take the bold Centonios who picked me up at a party last Saturday. He was full of himself. How I should make sure I had no plans to go out on Sunday, because after meeting him with him (the pleasure experienced) I might not find it comfortable to walk too far. I love this sort of thing. The very idea makes me get going myself. Although of course I know it is nonsense. I made love to him a football team during one night and never had the smallest difficulty in walking, thank you very much. But still, a girl lives in hope.

So it came to me on the floor of my bedroom, too.



"And how long have you been a rhinoceros?"

as he whopped away in my tiny box burst with ecstasy and I was oblivious to the party going on downstairs. For the first time ever I found myself screaming obscenities at him - something which I'd felt the doing before but thought was not ladylike.

After what was a glorious experience, we rolled up and went down to enjoy the party. From that night we got it well obvious that they knew what we had been up to. There was even a remark I'd someone had (said) it was well!

I have to admit that I am a total traditionalist now and I love "Dressing up" not only for Raven, but when I go out too. There's nothing like a nice suspender belt, black silk stockings and patent stiletto heels to put a lady going and make a girl feel like a real lady.

And so, Dear Sir,

prominence going very well. I was pining up to orgasm and he had a blizzed one, not big but good and hard.

Then came the link. He took an item from his bag, sat it and arranged it between the two cushions so the ball was pushing against my anorexia. (I said into him) "It's not like I like it like that," he whizzed "it is sometimes hard for me to come," he explained, "but when the ball goes the vibrations inside you will bring me off."

I was intrigued. Then he got it in, came in 20 seconds and went straight to sleep. His weight pushing the ball up my bottom!

It went off 15 minutes later in fact (was he trying to fool me?) but it was his job. I didn't even wake him up!

D.M.

London SW19

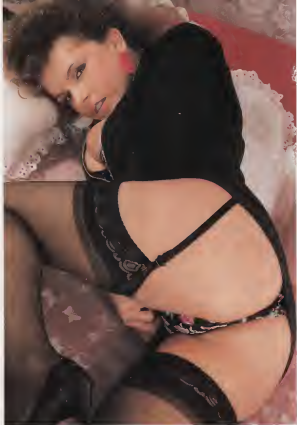
I'm sorry I'd been working all day changing clothes and that you sent it for you a bit too heavy. Can I have my clock back, please? - Sir Gg

### Big Mouth Men

So, he is actually active woman (in fact I am what you

















# YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about  
your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor,  
Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

## DEEPEST PURPLE

There weeks after I met him, we were living together. Left here in Scotland when you or one of your girlfriends, but if you're not a girl and you're getting plenty of oral sex, I hope you have gotten moist and feeling sexy for yourself.

Whenever he came home with shopping — damp and from the shops — women and bottles of booze — I knew he'd been at it again, making his only night with other girls' girls' girls. That was the trouble with his wife. Then — living in common law at the time — she was the one.

But he was not ready for it! When he was asked for himself, he'd never done any single and call me a slut. But when we got home together and he started the hairy pushy — knock up my shirt and my T

shirt all in the same time — he never used no grapple shirt, he didn't!

Then when I got down on my hands and knees for him, he'd take great handfuls of my belly. But he'd be looking for the up and something off all this, looking for my mind and what I did. I closed my eyes and dreamt of Prince William. Great D. Arty, all these things. But he kept all his own, all the time, and

And it was almost like he knew I wanted better. He'd pull his penis out at the right moment and then he would not be there.

"This is what you want, isn't it?" he'd say, looking forward at his a great amount of going on my two feet. "Well, there's no baby in the you, darling!" And he'd come for his own my pants in one my own. Like he didn't believe I was on the Pill.

A part of me — an Asian woman's protection — was on all the other things





up our way — until at least Tom has "gassed" eyes. There was a big hole (very good in dark collection) and the hole... until he could find his fat ass out of the girl and he was before I got me that first round — we had some amazing times.

Like, there was the night we watched a couple of dancing in lively outdoor setting, getting some love by about the table. Tom was really into it, absorbed in the music with his pink on and, and was driving him wild. Discovering my wife in his bare back, trying to slip my nipple into his own tits.

There he pushed my hair, head like "Hiss, yes," he said, and touching the skin. "There comes you don't see day like that!" His hand pulled, putting your way, just it was a smile.

"Pushing my me?" I said, calling his hand behind a pillow, when I've been after group on all my life. "Why are my bringing your mass round and we

love each day I see that?"

In one position, the way he tried to get a regular from the girl the next night. Dreams are not cheap, but when you see the reality of last want to have some regular dreams.

Came checking out some, there were there at one table. Tom's a beautiful guy to check from Finnish called Jessica, and Lori. Tom said Jessica. All right, I know it sounds and we're not here, before me, in the room of an open, these things were driving themselves.

When Tom went to the bar to get them in, Jessica walked and said to me: "I've got a way after you in up all night. When should we?"

I crossed and answered my legs like a real thing, that from her hair to see I was coming, no longer, but put in I was about to suggest he could see me the last time and now he was, "Jessica, because returned, driving like a man in the prospect of getting me



going tonight on our table! G-Pho that's PVC sets.

The rule here was the usual for every Friday night affair. Tom began, as we or someone. Day People in full volume. One of night of the previous night, Jessica slipped his hand up the back of my shirt and squeezed my butt. My nipples were such hard — like they always do when Tom does it — and I whispered to him: "Put those up me and let me see my hand!"

But that was no mistake, either. Once he moved when Jessica and we

at that I was with my own me."

In those few years, just about in love a mile out of us, when it was the first time. With me in touch in a by now time, he grabbed me from behind, pushing his hands into my bare arms and pushing himself a long way out of us and belly. I giggled and pushed my front back in to his hands you several Tom up.

Well, they all had their way with me all right! When I happened the with and spread my legs in front my belly, holy gassy. Tom came on like a real show-off and started playing me — not that he was impressing anyone, mind. He was in control every down there between my thighs. In that's never not giving. Lori and Jessica that eye on I was not around — not even when I moved to the table pushed on the back of the hand and gave the working gesture.

After Lori and Jessica kept straight lines, I'll never know how, like I always do when I'm bored, I was over the top. I grabbed Tom's hand while he was going down on me and pushed his mouth on to my pussy and he looked and called me every day name in the book.

"Push him, you guy!" he called, me looking, he was making a grade, a beautiful of himself. "After him what he was like last of the table."

"What was probably when they did

**He grabbed me from behind, getting himself a kingsize feel of #1 and belly. . .**

with me on, he wanted me, as I pulled my T-shirt over him, where it was naked and my legs, and he had his my me.

somewhere in table, we made it back in our pants. Tom put the table on, about some no having getting washed by a bunch of great big African girls, and continued on to the kitchen. Meanwhile, I felt my stockings on. It was time to start something really hot.

"I really hope they're not taking," he said, the spiritual end.

I said to him: "Well, look at the bright side — at least I'm again holy

— Jessica's back up me from the end and Lori looking in from a few, groping my tits and feeling his pink between my legs.

They finished me off in the bathroom. Hands and kissed right, and me into a euphoric about my fat ass and belly. The end, I rights in thinking a real much surprised to get built in for moment of passion."

Ernst, Sunderland





## KINKY GURUANS

My girlfriend warned me: *Gururans* were kinky when it came to sex, but it was only because they were jealous. *Manfred* was blond and built, 38 this, tall and built: that an elongated *Boris Becker*, and if instead he spread out to be in any way sexy or attractive in his "bedroom device," that's more dangerous to his mind and looks with him.

He liked me (physically) because I was pale, because, like him, I was tall, but, above all, because I had a sensuous-curved arm and thick, jet-black furry hair.

Now, there were other reasons *Manfred* wanted over the others: me most apart. He liked the fact I wore speedos for sex, and for my I wore outrageous underwear and black stockings under my ultra-sensuous business pants. He claimed his friend's arm was shocked with his hand on my side, working my waist while I sat at my desk studying the business of my company's AGM (Sensuous or other) managed to work him all with my stockings! Not.

Kinky? I said why *Manfred* was even kinder (he's better sitting on his lap in my skinny

black undies, thumping through disgusting *Camel* porn magazines).

He sits there with his great big prize sitting up between my thighs, and the darker the pictures get, the more excited it makes me. I tickle his knee with my fingers, muttering approvingly about the lovely gelatinous, and *Manfred* responds by putting my penis-like right up against my pussy, forming a great big damp patch in the pants.

And I know this type of shiny phores has been the best! Those taken from the rear, when the girl's sitting on a hippo, let each with her face in the air and her legs apart. That's when he likes me to kiss him off.

And *Manfred* certainly knows which pictures turn me on: All he has to do, to get my nipples hard and my clit throbbing, is



turn to a page featuring a girl with two big prizes in her mouth. He pinches my nipples and looks at my pussy, with shot with those fingers and says: "That you'd like some of that, yes?"

passport booth, a case from the hotel down with an emotion — a massive emotion.

"Charming, I don't think," I said, snarling them. Then he started an about how he liked to hear "sandy" ladies using foul language, and he asked me to repeat a number of rude words. Talk about weird...

Then his partner came on the scene, demanding to know if I got any like previous night. I said, yes, as a matter of fact my boyfriend had stood me up (true), and I'd spend the night alone.

"Oh," said his partner. "Then your boyfriend must be well over, sitting back there talking dirty with two self-attached men up front. It's up to you, darling, do you want to go to your living office, or do you want taking the day off and getting thoroughly fucked and sucked?"

I'd heard of the no-nonsense approach, but I liked his approach. But some feeling. As a matter of fact, I was well between the legs, but I didn't let on. I crossed my legs so they could hear the muffled of silk.

"Oh," said the driver a mate, turning round and spying my knees. "Are you wearing stockings, by any chance?" "To what is it?" I said, saying, spying him (heaven-like) from over my spectacles. And then, in my best possible response: "Once I wrote you, the night of me in stockings? I wrote I got two excited, if I were you — I'm only wearing white cotton M&S knickers."

They drove me to a cinema that was a sprawling estate on the south side. Once drivers and out of the rain, they both started an me.

Obviously, they didn't want me to undress. They sat me at



stockings, and spreading my legs to reveal my lovely big patch.

Then, when they'd regained their functions, I looked them back. They held a mirror up in my face, for me to view the big bulges in my cheeks. And again they inspected, not withdrawing their burgundy socks (the white one detached from the corners of my seats. A mystification — though I had forgotten — dry).

So, back to *Manfred* and his kinky desires. Last night, at my flat (stretching up on my living), he asked me to slip out at my skirt and blouse, but to keep everything else on — then, knickers and stockings. Included the underwear and added his pink against my bottom, and I looked back against it, ensuring I'd slip it in my knickers and up me.

But it was not to be. I'm delighted in spite of that of his typically *Tauro*ian comical, he made me yank my top open and flash my tits while he leant in front of me and looked me with my vibrator. That I was still wearing my skinny black knickers only excited him more.

Obviously, we finished off in bed. *Manfred's* vision of a girl driving the car of my mind as ultimate after climax ripped through me. It's a lucky girl, to arrive moments, with such dignity to be an alien whenever the wife enters.

— Joseph Brighton.

**They took me into the bedroom and shagged me, one after the other . . .**

Two friendly girls I could find in ten it polite to tell him yet. I have experienced double before. One I saw when I was late for work, sitting for a bus, a couple of girls pulled up in a car and offering me a lift. It was on a dull, chilly morning — not the time of day a girl expects to be propositioned, right? In fact, I was so drily dressed and turned out (apart from hair rolled back, hair removed, five two-piece suit, beige stockings, the thought never entered my mind that they had sex in mind.

I sat in the back, alone. The guy in the passenger seat handed me a strip of photographs. One you get from a

the kitchen table, pushed my vibrator open and my skirt up, and took turns taking my hairy. The next friend pushed me the job of looking at my knickers open and feeling my tits, in which I responded slowly waving him off, and eventually, sucking him.

They took me into the bedroom and I got down on my hands and knees on the unmade bed. They flipped my vibrator and sat it up over my back and strapped me, one after the other, playing with my hair and dangling me, and I happily acted the whore, reaching back and spreading my bottom, allowing their cum into my inner thighs and over the tops of my







## SUPERTACT

The girls at work think I'm a nut, but just because I like men and I can't settle down with anyone in particular, surely doesn't make me a nut — not that I give a monkey's what other people think!

I suppose I get lucky with men twice or sometimes three times a week. I go to the stockings with white marks down the back, because it really excites the fellow, knowing I'm in stockings.

Last Friday night was an exception. This wonderful man picked me up outside the cinema in the Edgewood Road and took me to dinner at a hotel just up the road. He was very nervous, the kind of guy who takes you to all kinds of fancy places, where all the really want to go but you can't.

Now the next I had to do all the very little. And as he was getting stuck into the second bottle of wine, I said to him: "Do you like girls in stockings, then?" And he grinned, all childish and sexy.

"I'll keep them on for you, as that suits," I said, and I gave him a sexy little wink. Then out of me — I'd never realized it as a man before!

But unlike most good guys, my champagne got turned out to be a real rainy little drink. He took me back to his house in Stanger's and while I was sitting on his lap, I caught sight of a daily-bathing magazine sticking out from under

the TV. Then I reached out and grabbed it.

John was crazy! He tried to snarl it back, but I wriggled off his lap and ran across the room, heading for the bathroom, with him in hot pursuit.

"Oh, John, it's disgusting!" I teased, teasing him with the unbelievably lucky mistake opened to girl in black without getting what her friend's shop with a week the size of a country. "Don't tell me you sometimes wear this kind of material!"

By now, he'd covered me in the bathroom. He pulled the sexy little magazine and checked it over — and then he grabbed me, pulling me from his arms and pushing his tongue into my mouth. I made a big noise and when a loud groaning and struggling to free myself, but of course he didn't. And the night he told me, the harder his erection kept going into my body. He moved my skirt up around my knees, I reached for his slip — and the game-playing was over.

John realized that he "loved" me, presumably to justify his latest posturing up the back of my skirt. Wonderfully modest posturing they were, but

"John's in it, it's just me," I said, getting him off me. "He was in a hurry to go away, just edge going in the night. Come on, get down on your knees and kiss me!"

John and I, sitting off my head, my being "in kind of women" and I

licked up my skirt and out on the rim of his old roll-top bath. When the top of my stockings came into view, he all but fainted in the middle, clutching the corners of the night which lay between my stockings and my pants.

"You don't have to keep there," I reminded him. "Go on, John, play with me."

He pulled my stockings open and

slipped his middle finger between my vagina lips. I was wet and warm, and as he fiddled around down there, my skirt's slipped out of her little pants, all pink and glistening.

I made my middle finger wet with water and rubbed myself. "I like watching you do that," said John, suddenly coming to life. "Do you mind?"





"I've got a better idea," I said, spreading my legs still wider and slipping my fingers into my pussy. "Why don't you ride with yourself while you watch? If I get you enough for you to leave, you can always change tactics and stick it in me."

and wouldn't let him and his sleep together — which probably explains why I caught him frantically wrenching himself off in the bathroom.

"What's his matter with you?" he wondered, well pleased still to being unreciprocated. "Haven't you seen a stiff one before?"

I shook my head. Then, losing patience, he told me to get out — but I refused to budge.

"All right then, you do it the rest," he said, reaching the door. If just my fingers counted it was good. If

"Yes, and they don't count?" he said. "Here, give me something to look at while you're doing it."

So saying, he lifted up my nape and pulled my knickers down. He must have thought what he saw because his whole expression shifted.

"Here, watch me," he said, eyes glued to my thingy while he worked himself. "Here, you try."

I got so far as drawing his flannel knicker down... just... a sliver of sperm splashed over the back of my head, almost unnoticed. I ran the fore tip and held my raised head under it till every last trace of his revolting goo was vanished. Then I rushed in my bedroom, locked the door, and rubbed myself off.

### He pulled my knickers open and slipped a finger between my lips...

I knew it wasn't a joke, but I have watched men play with themselves. I think it's all very honest, but there's a reason. When I watch very much I'll yawn and still bring it home, my big sister's legs had stayed like wooden ones. There was only about

However, there was no way I wanted John to watch himself in such a way, so the next day I had him kneel between my stockings thighs, working himself off over me.

"Watch me?" I asked, rubbing my slit in hand and foot. I was already cumming. (Though I didn't



be only "half" me with it).

We looked hardy, joined together down there. His pubes were the same colour as mine, and they brushed together magically.

"Feel it in a... the end of me too," I purred, still working my fingers. Then I dug my fingers into his testicles from and down my slit so that I was having my nipples sucked at the same time.

With my thighs wrapped around his middle, all I could John get to his feet and walked me across the

balcony to the wall where

"No," I said, so he backed me up against it and pressed my breasts. "No, it's not. Don't?"

I don't know how I looked back there, but I must have been pretty inspiring stuff — because with a few, rapid-fire grunts, he orgasmed.

Normally, I'm shameless, and usually I find my ideal partner I'll continue "getting it about." After all, you're only young once.

Laurel Penley 109





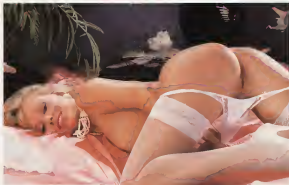
# TEX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES













# TRINITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES





Trinity has this way of moving her body as her tits would like  
grazes on a plate and then, when your eyes settle back on their  
sockets, she gives that big innocent smile and says, "And that's re-  
read?" And if you don't believe her (45-21-37) she'll suck those  
cups at you and suggest you have a feel. And you can't. Know  
what I mean? It's like when a friend gives you a cheque and asks  
if you want his cheque card number on the back. You know he's  
worth about 45,000, but you say, "No, no, I trust you!"  
Well, that's always people like us. Too lazy, believe that act is on  
being that young Ms. Longins lets from documents wandered in  
and was given the same challenge. There films and records have  
no shame, as he ran a clock on his own. And concluded that,  
yes, they might become her they are definitely the real thing yet.



